

JESSICA WILKINSON

**from FRAGMENTS OF MISS MARION DAVIES
by Jessica Wilkinson**

MARION:

*Little old lady in a big red room
Little old lady in a big red room*

A biography begins at death
cut loose the cords
and polish off the spine
I hold out my hands
and call to the gathering

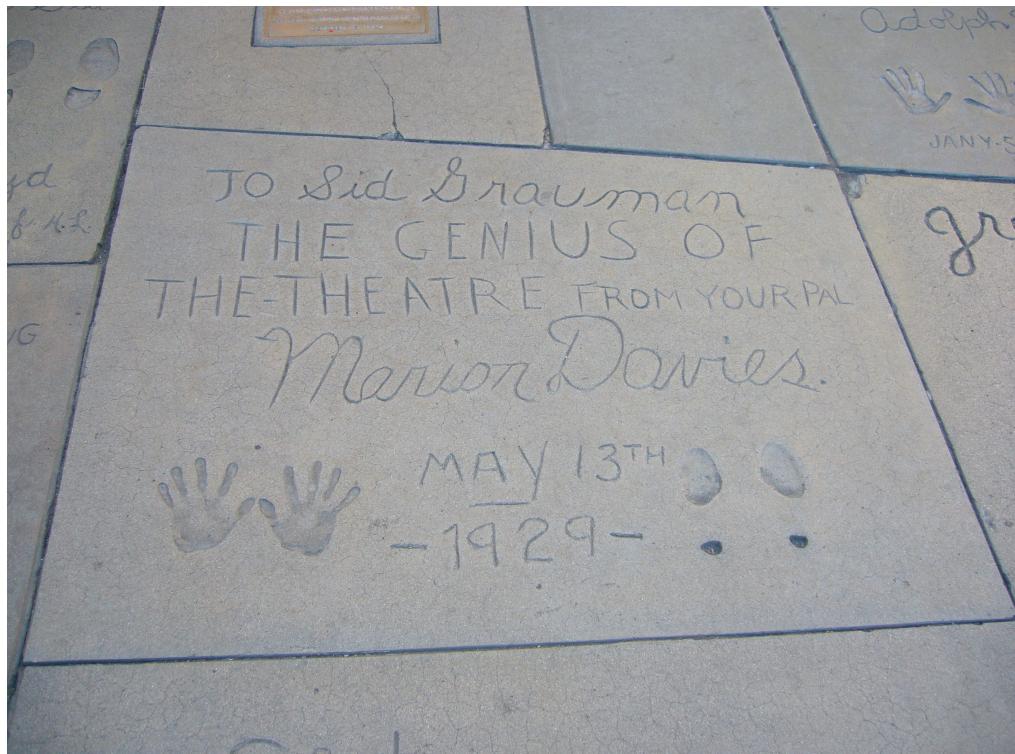
These are my friends
better known than I
oh—but would she
have found me
blaring in the hotlights

CUT

Marion sits at a table between George Bernard Shaw and Albert Einstein. To Albert, she turns to twiddle her fingers through his hair *Why don't you get a haircut?* And then to Shaw, who earlier said *Woman reduces us all to the common denominator*, she makes to trim his beard *And you! I can't see that you're talking at all!*

emboldened by the lick of pleasure
you step onto the page
and off again
a stone across water

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I dreamt last night that I knew what it felt like to be in your shoes, but they were too small and dainty for me and the feeling was distorted. I clumped across the stone pavement baring imprints and when I turned backwards to face the damage I felt regret that I had gotten it all wrong. *Hey you!* you shouted through the thicket *Hurry up and get my guests a drink!* With that you set me straight and reminded me of the task at hand

*Hyperbole at the window
Apostrophe on the bed
Retreat
I must retreat
before the word is said*

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The
FLORADORA GIRL
~~A STORY OF THE GAY NINETIES~~

A background story
an apology of folly
dredging up the past
receding her
ideally suited to the part
and forc'd by chorus to discourse
what should have been in life
a happy ending

Warns Fanny:
'His intentions are not honorable'
as he buys her daisies
and a bracelet
and drives her
with his horseless carriage.

The shoe thrown off at midnight
lies glistening in the alleyway.

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*Ladybird, ladybird
in your spotted armament
is your heart beneath
content
or do you not prefer the word**

*Ladybird, ladybird
shiny as a diamond ring
does he press you to his wing*
or is my thinking too absurd?*

**not prefer [understand]*

**press you to his wing [make your feelers sing]*